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POETRY.

TRUST.

I know not if dark or bright
Shall be my lot;
If that wherein my hopes delight
Be best or not.

It may be mine to drag for years
Till my heavy chain,
Or day and night my mood be tears
On bed of pain.

Dear faces may surround my heart
With smiles and glee,
Or I may dwell alone, and mirth
Be strange to me.

My bark is wafted to the strand
By breath divine;
And on the helm there rests a hand
Other than mine.

One who has known in storm to sail
I have on board;
Above the raging of the gale
I hear my Lord.

He holds me when the billows smile,
I shall not fall;
If sharp, 'tis short; if long, 'tis light—
He tempers all.

Safe to the land—safe to the land—
The end is this:
And then with Him go hand in hand
Far into bliss.

—Dean of Canterbury.

STORY TELLER.

How Blanche Won the Wager.

"Good night, Miss Trumbull. I trust you will experience no ill effects from the shower."

"None in the least, I am sure. Many thanks, Mr. Grosvenor, for this very pleasant evening," responded Miss Trumbull as she turned to enter the door.

Dick Grosvenor ran lightly down the steps, and, as he said "home" to the ebony hued John, sprang into the carriage, sinking back into the deep cushions and a deep reverie at the same time, and was aroused from neither until the stopping of the carriage proclaimed their arrival at the hotel.

In the meantime his late companion went slowly up the stairs of polished oak, in this delightful summer cottage, and carefully opened the door of her room, that she might not disturb her cousin. It was a needless caution, however, for there sat the young lady, deeply interested in the latest new novel, but looking up when the door opened.

"Why, Blanche, dear, home already?"

"Yes; it's eleven o'clock, though. Is there a breath of air anywhere?" And she walked over by the window, where she gracefully sank into an inviting easy chair, and began to take off her long white kids.

"Fair was she to behold," in the language of the poet. Blanche was about nineteen years old, of medium height, with that fine, well rounded figure that is not compelled to resort to the modiste to conceal the angularities often found in lithe, willowy forms. Hair of a beautiful brown, bordering on the darker shades, and scarcely less enchanting than the glorious eyes. O ye poets of the ages past! Large and luxurious, dark brown in color and varied in expression, ever betokening her changing moods, now pensive and dreamy, and anon mirthfully bewitching. Her complexion was almost perfect—as are those only of a fair skin and dark hair and eyes—pure and clear, like the creamy white rosebud.

Her room mate and cousin, Miss Braidwood, was a pretty little blonde with petite form, blue eyes and golden hair, and a decided penchant for French novels and chocolate caramels. These two young ladies were passing a few weeks of the summer at Briery Cottage, the sea-shore home of their Aunt Everleigh Brown. "Little B," they called her, in reference to her bustling ways and make-believe busy habits.

"What kind of a time did you have?" asked Nettie, breaking the silence.

"Oh, very nice as such things go. I must confess I am not much in favor of parlor theatricals unless there is a little morit."

How long this was discussed that night can only be surmised; but it is generally understood that ladies can talk when they once get started.

The next afternoon the two young ladies strolled out on the well kept lawn, pausing in the shade of some graceful trees where a hammock swung invitingly. This was soon duly appropriated by Miss Braidwood, who was at once absorbed in the tragic recital of the woes of her favorite heroine.

"Why will you read those trashy novels, Nettie?" inquired Blanche, one day. "You know they are all alike, and yet you shed a few tears over each one."

But to this little outburst Nettie vouchsafed no reply.

Blanche seated herself on a rustic chair and silence reigned, broken only by the turning of a leaf, and the twitter of the little birds in the trees.

Suddenly there came the sound of pattering footfalls over the grass, and a little back and tan dog presented itself with a startled bark; a minute later Dick Grosvenor was seen slowly sauntering down the gravel walk twirling his cane as he kept time to the tune he was humming.

"Good afternoon, ladies," as he lifted his hat. "What I not through Adriane yet?" to Miss Braidwood, whose proclivities he understood so well.

But Nettie only smiled as she returned his greeting.

"Miss Trumbull, will you permit me?" and without awaiting a reply, Dick threw himself down with easy nonchalance on the greensward, and prepared to light an Havana.

"What's the latest news at the hotel?" inquired Blanche.

"Nothing new, I think, though Jane Raymond has a new bean. At least," reflectively, "she ought to have, for her old one's about worn out."

"For shame, sir! I think Jane is a real nice girl!"

"She is, of the kind. As what's-his-name would say, for those who like that kind of a girl, she's the kind of a girl they would like."

Looking very comfortable was Dick, as he lay stretched out there, lazy fashion, and watched the curling rings of smoke from his cigar as they circled above his head.

Then the few seconds' silence was broken with:

"I say, Miss Trumbull, do you know why you are like nature's balmy sleep! Positively I felt rather mean and dull this morning, but now I am recovering. Give it up! Well, because you are a sweet restorer."

Blanche smiled, while Nettie broke out with:

"Pooh! that's awful, Mr. Grosvenor! I am really ashamed of such a conundrum for you, if you are not for yourselves. And, besides," mischievously, "I think you are old enough to know better."

"Crushed again! Oh, cruel one!" and he held up his hands in mock supplication.

Then the conversation became general, and finally drifted into a discussion of the recognition of friends in disguise.

Blanche was rather doubtful of her ability to penetrate behind the close masks used, while the little blonde was strong in the belief that she could readily recognize her companions.

"Well," said Dick, "I'll tell you what we'll do to settle it. You know Mrs. Jardin gives a masquerade party next week, and I'll wager a box of gloves each that I can find you among the throng."

Nettie would not accept this proposition, as he accorded with her views, so the wager was laid between the other two.

Dick stayed until the tea bell aroused him from his delightful conversation, when up he sprang, resisting all invitations to remain, on the plea of an engagement. Whistling for his dog, who had for the last half hour been busy keeping Aunt Brown's favorite tabby among the branches of a neighboring pear tree, Dick strode down to the gate, and jumping into his dog cart rolled rapidly toward the beach.

The next few days were busy with preparations for the ball, for it was one of the events of the season. Blanche had not much faith in her ability to elude the sharp eyes of the young man, but a conversation with Nettie and Mrs. Brown restored somewhat her confidence in her own powers.

Now, while Dick was as honorable as most young men, he was bound not to be defeated in his pet theory; so by bribing the colored bell boy, whose sister was Aunt Brown's dressing maid, he elicited the somewhat incoherent information that "Missy Brown had de lubliest gauze and sprangled dress, and she'd look powerful fine in it, sho'; jes' two or free moah big paper boxes had nuffin but two or free pow'ful plain black and white dresses, mos' like missy's old ridin' habit frown ober de phanton," as he persisted in calling the phanton.

"What, two black ones?" asked Dick, knowing he meant the dominos.

But Julius only grinned.

"Dun' spec she hab whole chist full," was all the satisfaction Dick could get out of him.

However, he had it all settled in his own mind like this: Of course the matronly Mrs. Brown would not wear

the spangles that had charmed the colored boy; that was Nettie's.

"Yes," he concluded, "and Mrs. Brown will be tastefully attired in the ever-present domino, and will, of course, chaperon Miss Trumbull in some fascinating costume. Oh, it's easy enough!" and he smiled with a self-satisfied air.

At last came the night of the party. The electric lights illuminated Mrs. Jardin's beautiful house and grounds, till what with the splash of the cool fountains, strains of music wafted out on the soft night air, and the perfume of many fragrant flowers, it seemed like a section of fairyland.

Dick did not go very early, as he cared very little for the social throng he knew were certain to be present, and it was about half-past ten when he entered the ball room plainly at tired as a Roman monk, with sandals on his feet, his gown girded with a cord, and the cowl of his brown robe drawn well over his mask. He chose this costume as a common one, affording him more opportunity for moving around unobserved; and partially due, it must be confessed, to a feeling of laziness—or shall we be charitable and call it indifference?

His sharp gray eyes peered around eagerly in search of the trio, as he knew they would keep together most of the time, and finally he discovered them in the next room. There, just as he expected! Nettie, a golden-haired Titania, spangles and all, engaged in a mild flirtation with a sober Turk in a gorgeous scarlet fez and patriarchal beard. Close at hand was one of the multitudinous dominos, Mrs. Brown, with the smoked glasses she so often wore in the evening, and near her was Blanche. Oh, ye gods and golden images! It almost took Dick's breath away to see that handsome figure as Lady Dedlock. Every gesture was queenly, and the admiring crowds around her testified to her regal bearing.

Dick threaded his way as best he could through the crowded drawing-room, and stood by a small table bearing portfolios of engravings.

"My lady," bowing low, "will you favor me with the next dance?" he asked in a low tone.

With a gracious smile she took his arm and they started for the promenade.

"Delightful music," volunteered Dick, bound to make her talk.

"Yes," she answered in musical accents low and sweet as the sighing of the summer wind.

"Perhaps you would prefer the promenade to the dance?"

"I would much prefer it. I'm tired of dancing. Unless," she concluded, "you will be dissatisfied?"

"How could I, so long as I am with you?" he murmured tenderly, gazing into her eyes as best he could for the mask.

"Oh, fie!" and she tapped his arm with her feather fan.

They were now in the conservatory.

"Do you know many here to-night?" she inquired formally.

"I know you, Miss Trumbull," he exclaimed triumphantly, as he removed his mask. "You dissemble well. You really ask that question like a veritable duenna. But remove your mask and get cooled off."

No, she was not warm. It mattered little to Dick, and he began gaily:

"I'll have some new gloves now. Be sure and get them large enough; I wear seven and a quarter. By the way, I surmise the gay Titania to be Miss Braidwood; I am right, I suppose?"

"Smart boy!" was the mocking reply.

Dick rattled on.

"How stupid in your aunt to come! She stands there so still in her everlasting domino! I believe if I were the chaperon any young ladies as charming as—ahem! well, some I know—I'd depart from the trodden paths of maskdom, and come out as a sunflower, or a piece of Japanese pottery—anything for a sensation."

Lady Dedlock coughed discreetly.

"Miss Trumbull, you'll permit me to escort you to supper? Please don't refuse."

"Perhaps, when the company unmask, you will see some one you prefer to me."

"Never!" he protested vehemently. "In fact, if it were not for you, I'd—"

"There—I've heard young men talk like that before."

"How often shall I have to tell you that I always speak the truth? Why, I am 'Truthful James' himself! Besides," he concluded, in an aggrieved tone, "I don't know what I can do to convince you that I mean every word I say."

Lady Dedlock only smiled.

"Come, there's the bugle call for unmasking and supper."

"First to my party, if you please."

She took Dick's arm, and they rejoined the plain domino and gauzy Titania. Then, at a given signal, all unmasked. Dick stood there, his face wreathed with self-satisfied smiles, which turned to the blankest amazement when he saw the mask removed from my lady's face, and beheld—plain Mrs. Everleigh Brown. He sank into the nearest chair, utterly speechless. But where was Miss Trumbull? Dick turned to the airy fairy, Titania, but it really was Miss Braidwood, as he had supposed; and there—yes, there in the plain domino, with the smoked glasses in her hand, and an amused smile on her face—stood Blanche, more beautiful than ever.

The ludicrous side of the affair overcomes Dick's rueful recollections of what he had been saying, and he gave way to hearty laughter.

"All right, Miss Trumbull; you shall have the best box of gloves in New York."

Mrs. Brown kindly released him from his engagement for supper, and as he offered his arm to Miss Trumbull in reality, smiled with an I-told-you-so air.

While at the refreshment table Blanche related how the Lady Dedlock costume was originally intended for her; but as it was too large and stately, she exchanged with her aunt. Dick positively asserted that had it not been for the eye-glass, he would have known her, in spite of all things, by her glorious eyes.

Dick groaned mentally as he thought of all he had said to Mrs. Brown. When he told the ladies a few days afterward, they had a merry time over it. Blanche said, however, that she knew her aunt took no offense, for she was "the dearest aunt in the world."

LONDON'S CLEAN STREETS.

I will add as a disjointed item, because it just now pops into my head, that the streets of London are the cleanest I have ever seen. It is wonderful the provision that is made for this, when one reflects on the many thousands of horses that go tramping through the streets with the rumbling attachments of light and heavy draft, the wonder grows how everything is kept sweet and pure. On the principal business streets in the heart of the city, numberless boys with cast iron pans, shaped like the common dust pan, and stiff brushes, gather up the droppings of the horses all day long, running between vehicles, under horses legs, evading wheels, darting upon their prey like vultures, whisking it into their pans with a skillful turn of the brush, and off to the cast iron shoots provided for the purpose and connected with some subterranean vault, whence it is taken away. At any time, it disappears from the surface of the street like magic. The boys get six shillings a week for their perilous work. How they escape being run over is a mystery, but such an accident is of very rare occurrence.

Retribution.

"And can nothing cause you to change your mind, Mildred?"

"Nothing. My will is like iron. But yesterday I was a timid, trusting girl, whose every heart-beat was for you; to-day I am a woman, and the trusting heart of yesterday has turned to ice. Go!" and she stately pointed to the garden gate.

"Oh, Mildred, my lost darling," cried Heneage, starting to his feet with a dull moan, "do you realize what will drive me to?"

But Mildred only muttered "go!" and sternly pointed to the garden gate.

Then up rose Heneage. In place of the supplicating look of entreaty there was on his face the stony glare of despair. Clenching his hands, he gave her one look and rushed wildly through the yard.

But see, only a few steps and there is a start, a shriek of mental agony; the strong arms are lifted a moment wildly in the air, and the body of Heneage Sturtevant, with a sickening thud, falls back upon the sward.

The clothes-line had caught him just half an inch under his chin.

The whistle of a locomotive is heard 3,000 yards, the noise of a train 2,000 yards, the report of a musket and the bark of a dog 1,800 yards, the roll of a drum 1,600 yards, the croak of a frog 900 yards, and a chicken's chirp 800 yards.

Clever Conjuring.

HOW CAGLIOSTRO ARRANGED A TRICK FOR ROBERT HOUDIN.

The great Robert Houdin went by royal command to St. Cloud, as he relates in his "Confidences," to give a show before Louis Philippe and his family, and in the course of this show he borrowed six handkerchiefs from the audience. The various members of the audience wrote down on slips of paper the names of the places whether they would like the handkerchiefs to be transported. This done, the conjurer asked the king to choose three of those slips at random, and from the three to select the place he preferred.

"Come," said Louis Philippe; "let us see what is on this slip. 'I should like them to be found under one of the candlesticks on the mantelpiece.' That is too easy for a wizard; let us try again.

"I should like them to be found on the dome of the Invalides."

"That is too far—not for the handkerchiefs, but for us."

"Ah, you will find it difficult to comply with the request on the last slip."

The request was that the handkerchiefs should be found in the box of the last orange-tree on the right hand of the avenue at St. Cloud. The conjurer expressed his readiness to comply with the request, and the king immediately sent off a party of men to keep guard over the orange-tree.

The conjurer put the handkerchiefs under a bell of thick glass, waved his wand, took up the bell, and showed a white dove in place of the handkerchiefs. Then the King, with a sceptical smile, sent orders to the head gardener to open the box of the orange-tree chosen, and to bring whatever he might find there. This was done, and presently there was brought in an iron coffer covered with rust.

"Well," cried the king, "here we have a coffer. Are the handkerchiefs in it?"

"Yes, sire," replied Robt. Houdin, "they have been there a long time."

"A long time, when it is only a quarter of an hour since they were given to you?"

"What, sire, would be the use of magic if it could not perform impossible feats? Your majesty will be surprised when I prove to you that the coffer and its contents have been in the box of the orange tree for sixty years."

The king now observed that a key was needed to open the box, and Robert Houdin asked him to take the key which was hung by a ribbon round the white dove's neck. This was a key as rusty as the coffer which it opened, and the first thing found in the coffer was a parchment bearing these words:

"To-day, June 6, 1786.—This iron coffer, holding six handkerchiefs, has been placed amid the roots of an orange-tree by me, Balsomo, Count of Cagliostro, to aid the accomplishment of a magical feat which will be done this day sixty years before Louis Philippe of Orleans and his family."

Below the parchment, sealed with Cagliostro's seal, which was well known to the king, was a packet, and in the packet were the six borrowed handkerchiefs.

Cornering the Market.

Three or four years ago a farmer living near Indianapolis who had raised about forty bushels of corn to sell, but who was not satisfied with the ruling prices, determined to hold on. He nailed up his corn crib and sat down with a determination to let the country go to ruin unless buyers came to his figure. To his great chagrin and disappointment everything went on as usual for several months, when one day a man from Chicago came along.

"What's corn worth?" asked the farmer.

"Twenty-eight cents," was the reply.

"Why, I was offered thirty-five for mine last fall!"

"Yes, but you see the corner broke a few days ago, and 7,000,000 bushels were let loose on the market."

"Seven million bushels!" gasped the old man. "Well, I swan! Why, I've kept forty bushels locked up here since last fall, thinking I had the country right by the nose, and now you tell me that seven million bushels was let loose in a bunch! Why, drat my buttons! I don't believe I could have scared anybody, even if I'd held on to my three barrels of pork and six bushels of beans besides!"

NEWBURGH CENTENNIAL.

One hundred years ago, the 18th of October, was the scene of a very important event in the annals of our national history. The occasion was the disbanding of the American army by George Washington, the Commander in Chief.

Newburgh at that time was a small town, well situated in a strategic point of view, and was selected by General Washington for the headquarters of his army. The defeat of Cornwallis had effectually crippled the power of Great Britain in the American Colonies, but still, loath to give up, she made at least a show of resistance, and it was deemed best to guard against any attacks that might be made.

At length, the British troops having been withdrawn, and an army being nothing but an expense to the infant Republic, it was thought best to have the army which was stationed at Newburgh disbanded. This was done by General Washington on the 18th of October, 1783, and it was the centennial anniversary of that occasion that was celebrated with so much pomp and ceremony last week.

The morn was ushered in by the firing of cannon from the men of war anchored in Newburgh Bay, by the ringing of church bells, etc. The people began to flock in from all quarters, and thousands were refused accommodation on the day before, so they had to go to the adjacent towns for board.

There probably has never been such a crowd in Newburgh at one time before, and it will be a long time before the crowd that was there will be equalled in numbers. The streets were impassable, and it was only with the greatest difficulty that any one was able to find his way about. All kinds of peddlers, shopkeepers, saloons, etc., did a thriving trade, and pickpockets and swindlers were in their glory.

The procession was advertised to move promptly at 11 A.M., but it did not start till near 12 M. It was headed by some companies of the Metropolitan Police of New York City, and their carriage and marching was excellent and compared very favorably with that of any organization in the procession. The next military organization was the "Seventh Regiment of New York," and their marching was, as usual, the best of the day. The Twenty-Third Regiment was not up to its usual standard, and did not do itself the credit that it usually does. The Thirtieth Regiment marched very well, and their soldierly appearance at once attracted every one. There was a very excellent show of firemen, of which the best were the Washington Hose, of Newburg, the Albert Hose, of Binghamton, and the different Poughkeepsie companies. Of the separate military companies, the 19th of Poughkeepsie and the company from Newburgh at once attracted attention as being a very gentlemanly and soldierly company of men.

The Putnam Phalanx, of Hartford, Conn., were very interesting, each man being attired in old continental uniform and marching in sets of five instead of in fours as our modern tactics advise.

The veteran volunteers, of Poughkeepsie, were attired in zouave costume, and added very much to the beauty of the scene.

Governor Cleveland, of New York, Gen. Shaler, commanding the first division of the National Guard, and several other notables were on the reviewing stand. The procession moved past the old farm house that Washington made his headquarters, where very interesting speeches were made by Wm. E. Everts and other prominent men. The grand chorus sang beautifully, and one hymn which they sang ought to be graven in letters of gold on the hearts of all, viz: "There is no king but God." This was the feeling of our ancestors when they refused to bow submissively under the yoke of a foreign and enslaving power.

Day fireworks were exhibited, and one of the figures was the Goddess of Liberty. After the proceedings at the farm house were concluded, the multitude betook themselves to find some dinner which was a very difficult thing to do, considering the crowded state of the city. What was obtained was of a very inferior quality and of a very high price. Restaurant keepers reaped a rich harvest, and took notice of the fact that the "centennial only comes once in a hundred years."

During the interval between dinner and evening, the soldiers of the different regiments amused themselves

by gathering in crowds and marching about whistling and singing. Six fortunate or rather unfortunate members of the Seventh procured a coach and drove around in it till about 100 men of the regiment waylaid, captured, and confiscated it much to their disgust.

There were several distressing accidents during the course of the day as might be expected, owing to the crowd. One man lost his life by attempting to jump from a car while in motion.

At sunset the great guns thundered from the flag ship Tennessee, and from the rest of the ships in the bay. The ships were the Tennessee, the Saratoga, the Vandalia and one or two others.

The Harbor was filled with pleasure boats, schooners, yachts, steamers, row boats and every kind of craft. The ferry connecting Newburgh with Fishkill was overflowing and means of transportation were hardly to be found to convey the people across.

The Central, the West Shore and Erie roads ran special trains. In the evening the town was beautifully decorated and lighted, and there was a perfectly grand display of fireworks. Altogether, it was a very excellent celebration of the dawn of peace on American colonies.

PLUR-I-BUS-TAX.

Women as Indian Fighters.

The women of those times developed a readiness and courage as remarkable as that of men. The Swedish women near the site of Philadelphia, while boiling soap, were warned that the Indians were coming. They took refuge, soap and all, in the fortified church, blew the conch-shell horns to alarm the men, and when the Indians tried to undermine the building laded the scalding soap upon them, and so saved themselves from destruction until their husbands arrived. The renowned Hannah Bradley, of Haverhill in Massachusetts, who had more than her share of captivities and adventures, killed an Indian who was rushing into the open gate of her husband's garrison, by throwing boiling soap upon him, and when the savages came to capture her a third time, she saved herself by shooting the foremost one dead. In 1676, the battle which Talcott was fighting in defense of Hanley was decided by the promptness of women, who loaded with small shot and nails a cannon that had just arrived from Boston and conveyed it to the defenders: these discharged it to the dismay and route of the savages. A story is told of a maid-servant in Dorchester who defeated an Indian single-handed by the use of a musket and a shovel full of live coals. A young girl in Maine shut a door and held it and thirteen women and children had time to reach a block-house, while the Indians were chopping down the door and knocking down, though they did not kill, its defender. Twelve years after Bickford's ingenious defense of his house at Oyster River, some women at the same place imitated it. There being no men in the garrison, they fired an alarm, loosened their hair to appear like men, and used their guns so briskly that the savages fled. In 1713, Esther Jones saved Heard's garrison, in the township of Dover in New Hampshire, by mounting guard and calling so loudly and confidently as to make the Indians believe that help was at hand. The stalwart Experience Bogarth, of Dunkard's Creek, in Pennsylvania, in a hand-to-hand fight in a doorway, in which two white men were killed, slew three Indians with an axe.—Dr. Eggleston, in the Century.

The women of Loreto, are described as remarkably pretty. They wear a picturesque costume, consisting of sixteen petticoats on week-days and eighteen on Sundays and holidays. These petticoats are all starched, and some are very richly trimmed with lace and embroidery. A colored skirt is then looped up over these balloon skirts, and stay-bodice confines the waist to its smallest dimensions, over a spotless white chemise. A handkerchief is next pinned over the head to complete the costume. As for the jewelry worn, it is wonderful. Some women wear three ear-rings in one ear, while their neck and fingers glitter with chains, medals and rings. In complexion they are almost as black as the Madonna they worship. But this does not prevent them from being beautiful.

Miss Kate Patterson, of Baltimore, a granddaughter of Peter Bonaparte, is engaged to marry Betty La Montagu.

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faction. And, after all, contentment, not riches, is the end and aim of life.

We would like the sender of the paper called the "City-Rural Racy Aurora," to understand that the JOURNAL does not print scandalous and slanderous items. Whether the marked article in said paper be true or false, it is one that should never have been published. If the editors of the "Aurora" had any manliness about them, they would not try to foment trouble amongst those who already have a hard enough row to hoe by reason of their misfortune.

ITEMIZER.

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to associations of deaf-mutes, or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep us supplied with items for this column. Mark items to be sent: *The Itemizer.*

Miss Lena Freyburg attended the Newburgh Centennial.

Messrs. J. Wilson and G. Dickinson, of Chicago, started for Oregon last week.

Miss Cora B. Gunn is working with Miss E. Thoms in the clothing house of Hart Bros., Chicago, Ill.

The Pas-a-Pas Club, of Chicago, Ill., will give a reception at the home of Mr. Geo. Frasier, next Thanksgiving Eve.

Mr. Bascom Sprout, of Ashton, Ill., took in the Chicago Exposition. He was the guest of Mr. C. C. Codman while in the city.

It found convenient, reading will be represented by about a dozen mutes at the Clero Literary Association's Levee.

Mr. Jacques Loew, of New York City, is a member of thirty-seven deaf-mute organizations in Europe and America.

Mr. John and Miss Louise Shappelle, of Shoemakersville, and Mr. Siegfried, the champion (7) barber of Kutztown, were in Reading during the Agricultural Fair.

Mr. Clem Parham, of Reading, Pa., after spending a month in Pittsburgh and the west in search of better employment and more shekels, has returned home.

Wm. S. Reisinger and his two friends, Messrs. J. Jamoussan and J. Kurz, visited the New York Institution last Sunday. William is a jewelry engraver in Newark, N. J.

Miss Carrie Bischof has just returned to her home in Terre Haute, Ind., after a sojourn of one year in Crawfordville, Indianapolis, and other cities of the Hoosier State.

The infant child of Prof. and Mrs. Samuel Freeman, of the Georgia Institution, died at their residence in Cave Spring, Ga., three weeks ago. They have the sympathy of the writer.

W. H. Bosa, who won the gold medal in the boys' race at the games of the Catholic Literary Union, last August, has already won the reputation of a runner. Dennis Sullivan must now give up his claim to the championship.

The Alabama correspondent of the JOURNAL writes:—"The Alabama Institution has about fifty mutes and twenty-five blind pupils, with good prospects of several additions before long—the largest school since 1871."

A. E. Volker, a well known tanner of Montreal, Canada, and New York State, is now stopping in Manchester, N. H. He has a steady and lucrative job with Messrs. Kimball & Gerish, of Manchester, N. H., as a first-class wool sorter and puller.

Mr. J. Bishop, of Ashton, Ill., was seen in Chicago lately. He owns 220 acres of land, two or three houses, a number of lots, and has \$5000 in bank. He made his fortune by letting whiskey and all gambling devices alone. A good example for others.

The Pas-a-Pas Club, of Chicago, met some time ago and elected the following new officers: E. D. Hunter, President; J. Heinlein, Vice-President; C. C. Codman, Secretary, and Champ Bachan, Treasurer. The Club is getting along as nicely as could be expected.

Miss Tessie E. Glenn and speaking sister, on their way to Philadelphia at the beginning of the present month, stopped in Reading with friends. While there Tessie was called on by quite a number of mutes, and on leaving she vowed an enjoyable time.

The Springfield Republican, of October 19th, gives an account of the Centennial Celebration of Longmeadow, Mass. Prof. R. S. Storrs, of the Hartford Asylum, was President of the Day, and delivered an address of welcome. The Republican pays a high tribute to Prof. Storrs' eloquence.

Rev. Charles A. Stoddard, D.D., Vice-President of the Board of Directors of the New York Institution, returned home last week from his European tour, looking in his usual good health, notwithstanding the fact that he had encountered severe weather on his homeward trip.—*Harlem Reporter, Oct. 24.*

On Saturday, October 20th, in Baltimore, Md. the death of the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jas. O. Amos took place, and caused much bereavement. Her remains were buried at Greenwood Cemetery, in that city, on Monday, October 22d. Mr. J. S. Wells interpreted the burial service. The child died of brain fever at the age of eleven months.

A BOGUS DUMMY.

THE TRICK HE ATTEMPTED TO PLAY ON THE POLICE AND HOW IT PANNED OUT.

A man named Brown, who seemed to be deaf and dumb, managed, by writing, to make the officers at the Central Station understand he had been robbed of \$50 and a pair of shoes, at the N. Y. & O. depot yesterday morning. He described a man who sat by his side in the waiting room, and with this as a clue Sergeant Humphrey and Detective Reeves arrested William D. Mitchell, a painter who lives at No. 49 Bank Street, who Brown instantly identified as the thief. Mitchell strongly maintained his innocence. Brown's account of his recent movements were not very satisfactory, and, although he represented to the officers that he had been deaf and dumb for several years, he could not talk with his hands. He claimed he had been at Youngstown lately, and Detective Reeves telegraphed to the police there. He learned that Brown was neither deaf nor dumb, and that for the last two months he had been hanging about the saloons and houses of ill-fame in that town. As soon as this news was received Mitchell was liberated.—*Cleveland Leader.*

Mr. Irwin Blood, of Chicago, claims to own a dog valued at \$200.

Mr. Medlie:—Chas. Sullivan's address is 329 Seminary Street, Chicago.

Mr. Geo. Huson, of Sterling, Ill., was in Chicago on October 14th.

Louis Rigor, of New Haven, Ct., has been ill with typhoid fever, but has recovered.

Mrs. H. Montfort, now of Rockville came on a brief visit, and was the guest of Mrs. W. II. Weeks.

Rev. Mr. Syle may be in Lancaster, Pa., to hold a deaf-mute service, middle part of November.

Irwin Blood, of Chicago, Ill., was in Milwaukee, Wis., a week before last, and says the city is very nice.

Mr. and Mrs. Burrell, of Lynn, Mass., paid a visit to his Alma Mater recently and seemed to be pleased with their visit.

Messrs. Tenville Toney and Sammie Bethune, of the Alabama Institution, expect to go to the National Deaf-Mute College next year.

Mr. McCoville, of Gotham, who has been employed at Appleton's for the past twelve years, is a time hand at \$18 a week.

Charles W. Longenberger, of Watsnotung, Pa., has secured a job at Gumbert & Co.'s cigar manufactory in Philadelphia.

Mrs. Rhoda Barnard has returned to Boston. During the past two months she has been visiting her daughter, Mrs. Mary Cook, of Brooklyn, N. Y.

David Jones, a deaf-mute miner, of Elizabeth, Pa., aged about sixty years, was recently struck by a car on the Horner & Roberts railroad, and fatally injured.

Mr. Martindale, of Elkhardt, made Charles T. Sullivan, of Chicago, Ill., a brief visit while he was on an excursion to the Exposition, Tuesday, October 16th.

Miss Florence Jones is in town, and was at St. Ann's Church Sunday last. She was seen with "Dean" Barnes promenading Fifth Avenue later in the day.

Miss Leiby, of Wrightsville, Pa., is learning cigarmaking. She does not get the business very well, and desires to get work at something else.

Albert A. Devoe, Jr., of New York City, is spending a few days with relatives in Meriden, Ct. He has given up the idea of going to Texas, as his father fears the cowboys will kill him. He expects to winter in Smyrna, N. Y.

Solomon Cornelius' brother found a situation in New Haven about two weeks ago. He removed from his old home in Hempstead, L. I. He is satisfied with his new business, and also lives with his family now. Solomon expects to spend a day there next Thanksgiving or Christmas to spend a day with them.

Frank Klingman has received a letter from his old boss in Milwaukee, Wis., offering him better wages than he ever received before if he would go to that city and work. But Frank declines to go, as the climate does not appear to agree with him, and the water makes him sick. He is used to pure water—not mud from the bottom of Lake Michigan.

John P. Conlon, of Buffalo, N. Y., took advantage of an invitation tendered him by his old schoolmate, N. A. Dotsch, and hid himself to Detroit, there to recuperate for a week. While in Detroit he enjoyed himself as he never before enjoyed himself, taking in all the sights that the town afforded, and did not miss his chance of capturing one of Detroit's handsome mute belles. After completing his week's limit he returned to Buffalo, where he will seek the mute community that burgh with watered stories about Detroit, etc. Come, again, old boy.—*Detroit Cor.*

On the 17th ult., a great concourse of people assembled at Longmeadow Mass. to commemorate the second Centennial. The streets were lined with teams as in the years bygone. People flocked in numbers and visited the cemetery where quietly lie the bodies of Longmeadow's ancestors.

Longmeadow is the home of Prof. R. S. Storrs and his sister Miss Sarah Storrs. Professor Storrs was chosen President of the Centennial Celebration. The people entered a very great tent which had the capacity of seating 2000; every seat was occupied and there was not much standing room.

Among the speakers were Rev. Dr. Samuel Wolcott, of Cleveland, Rev. Dr. R. S. Storrs, of Brooklyn, Rev. J. W. Harding, of Longmeadow, and Prof. R. S. Storrs of the American Asylum for Deaf-Mutes. The Professor delivered his address of welcome with ease and grace.

Further particulars of the shooting of young Scott of this town while attempting to escape from the Central Prison guards at Toronto, Tuesday night, are contained in the papers published in this city. It seems that when Guard Hart saw that the fugitives were distancing their pursuer, he raised his carbine and called on them to halt. No attention was paid to the summons. Then with all the coolness of the soldier that he is, he glanced through the sights until he covered Scott's head, and touched the trigger. The aim was an accurate one, and the muzzling bullet ploughed through the brain of the poor convict and made its exit close to the mouth. He fell forward on his face. Foreman Stafford ran up and turned him over on his back, but he was dead. As soon as possible the dead man was removed to the prison and laid in the hospital to await inquest. While in prison Scott, whose name is Robert, not Thomas, stated to the authorities that he was a married man, which it is claimed is an untruth. He received no letters from his relatives here and wrote none. Though barely over 21 years of age, Scott seems to have started upon a career of crime when very young, and is no stranger to prison life, having served out most of a five-years sentence for highway robbery upon the person of a deaf-mute named Welch, at this place, several years ago. The officer for which he was last sent up committed a violent assault upon Chief Mitchell (whose brother is a deaf-mute) who arrested him for corner loading. Scott was standing on the corner of Main and Perth streets one morning with some companions, and was ordered to move on. Instead of doing so he commenced an argument with the officer, which resulted in a rough-and-tumble fight. As is well known, the chief is no child in a physical encounter, but on this occasion he had probably the roughest time ever experienced by him in Brookville. After being taken to the station, Scott intimated that he had not forgotten his last arrest, and "had 'is 'is" for the chief.—*Recorder, Brookville, Canada.*

WANTED.

A deaf-mute woman or strong girl to do general housework. Address: Miss C. W. VAN TARELL, 43-Six, North Tarrytown, N. Y.

Thomas T. Sprague has moved to 342 E. Fayette St., Baltimore, where he will be pleased to entertain his friends.

Mr. H. Ward Smith has just returned to his home in Albion, N. Y., after having a grand time in Chicago and in Wisconsin.

Mr. Elmer E. Smith is setting type on the *Corry Telegraph*, one of the leading weekly papers in Erie County. He is getting good wages.

Mr. Gulien, of Winoamond, near Frankford, Pa., works on a farm. He was educated at the New York School, and is said to be an excellent hand.

Mr. Parsons, a deaf-mute book agent, lately came to Philadelphia, and one day went to a house to sell books, and was suddenly bitten by a dog. The dog was killed.

Mr. James Young made a good donation to the treasurer, Mr. Houston, for the Chronological Debating Society. We would in this way return our thanks to Mr. Young for his kindness.

It is rumored that John B. Herman, of Buffalo, N. Y., is going to be married to a very accomplished young lady in a few weeks. Success to them.

Alex L. Pach will be in Easton, Pa., for a short time to come, and would be pleased to see any mutes who reside in that locality at Pach Bros. studio, on Third Street.

Mr. John McGinness, of Worcester, took the train to Oakdale, Mass., Sunday morning, and walked five miles to Westerloville to make Mr. Collins a visit. He returned home that same day.

Messrs. Sloat and Dobbs, of Catskill, N. Y., went to attend the Centennial at Newburgh, N. Y. They were more than delighted to see the grand fire-works and were interested in many relics at the headquarters of Gen. Washington.

In Baltimore, Md., on the 24th ult., the father of F. G. Super fell dead on his way home, after having visited. His death caused a heavy blow to his family. His age was seventy-two years. He was well-known to the deaf-mutes in that city.

In Baltimore, Md., on Oct. 25th, Robert A. Stewart, a mute, aged sixty-two years attempted to commit suicide by jumping from a wharf, but was prevented by bystanders, one of whom was H. Anderson, a mute. He had been out of work for a time.

Mr. and Mrs. Aaron Wilmeyer made a visit to Philadelphia, and while in that city, attended a debate at the Chronological Debating Society's rooms, where they were welcomed by its members. They will reside in Lancaster, Pa. We wish them a long and happy life.

Mr. Cherry lately came from Pittsburgh, Pa., to Philadelphia to get work as a compositor, but failing to find a place for several weeks, he has gone to try his fortune in New York City. We hope he will succeed in finding a remunerative position. He is a graduate of the Philadelphia School.

Last Wednesday night, there was a large attendance at the Chronological Debating Society, of Philadelphia, to witness the fine debating. The members seem to be improving, and their endeavors to grapple with the issue of the day, both gay and serious, are successful to a good degree. Many who were present say the debate mentioned was a success.

A friend writes from Lancaster, Pa.:—"Mr. and Mrs. Aaron Wilmeyer arrived here all safe from ten days' wedding trip, having been visiting in New Haven, Hartford, Bridgeport, Greenwich, Ct., and Philadelphia. They have gone to housekeeping, and are getting along very nicely. They may be found at No. 457 North Lime Street, Lancaster, Pa."

Mr. William H. Lipsitt, of Philadelphia, who belonged to the Presbyterians Church, has been confirmed as a member of the Protestant Episcopal Church. There was a large attendance to witness his confirmation. The ceremony was performed by Bishop Barry, of Iowa, who is a nephew of Bishop Stevens, of Pennsylvania. Mr. Lipsitt, we understand, will soon be placed in the position of lay reader.

Providence Society.

The time of the regular Sunday services of the Providence Deaf-Mutes' Society will be changed from 10:30 A.M. to 2 P.M. for the winter season, beginning Nov. 4th, 1883. It is expected that several prominent preachers will officiate before the society during the season. The winter lectures will soon after commence, probably on Saturday evening, to accommodate those out of town coming from a distance.

G. H. STEERS, Secretary.

The Guild.

NEW YORK, October 29, 1883. EDITOR JOURNAL.—Mr. W. O. Fitzgerald, Chairman of the Committee on Entertainment, wishes me to announce in your JOURNAL that on the 13th of November Rev. Dr. Thos. Gallaudet will lecture on his "Tours in Europe," to raise money for the Guild of Silent Workers. The price of admission will be ten cents. Those who take an interest in the Guild, and wish it to prosper in its charitable works, should attend.

The Committee on Entertainment, requests the ladies to attend their meeting, which will be held in the Sunday School of St. Ann's Church, on Tuesday evening, November 7th. It also announces that the 13th and 4th party will give a festival on the 20th of November. Admission 15 cents.

CHAS. BRYAN, Secretary.

Thanksgiving Proclamation.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 27.—The President has issued the following Thanksgiving Proclamation:—"By the President of the United States of America: A Proclamation.

To furtherance of the custom of the people at the closing of each year to engage, on a day set apart for that purpose, in a special festival of praise to the Giver of all good, I, Chester A. Arthur, President of the United States, do hereby designate Thursday, the 29th day of November next, as a day of national thanksgiving.

The year which is drawing to an end, has been replete with evidences of Divine goodness. The prevalence of health, the fulness of the harvest, the stability of peace and order, the growth of fraternal feeling, the spread of intelligence and learning, the continued enjoyment of civil and religious liberty—all these and countless other blessings are cause for reverent rejoicing. I do, therefore, recommend that on the day above appointed, the people rest from their accustomed labors, and, meeting in their several places of worship, express their devout gratitude to God that He hath dealt so bountifully with this Nation, and pray that His grace and favor abide with it forever.

In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand, and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed. Done at the City of Washington, this 26th day of October, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and eighty-three and the Independence of the United States the one hundred and eighth.

CHESTER A. ARTHUR, By the President: FREDERICK T. FLEINBOURNE, Secretary of State.

Lars M. Larson's Wonderful Opinion.

Lars M. Larson, Esq., comes out with an opinion adverse to the action of the national deaf-mute convention in starting a movement to erect a memorial in honor of the late Thomas H. Gallaudet. He gives sundry reasons for his opposition to said action and mixes up with these sundry other "side issue" opinions.

Mr. Larson's first objection amounts to raising the question of jurisdiction. He says that the late convention had no right to do what it did in the memorial affair. He contends that the late convention was not a monumental association, but a NATIONAL CONVENTION assembled to discuss affairs relating to the deaf in general. According to Mr. Larson it was none of that convention's business to meddle with monuments "except perhaps as a side issue." Mr. Larson's opinion is that this was a matter for all deaf-mutes to attend to, not for a committee of a few.

The above, as a display of legal talent, astonishes us not a little. It is unfortunate that Attorney General Lars M. Larson was not present at the late convention to electrify the 600 deaf-mutes there with his gigantic opinion. He might possibly have saved this convention from making so disastrous a blunder. Not one of them questioned the propriety of the convention's starting the memorial project. It was a very large assemblage and as far as was possible a representative one. It was an intelligent and respectable gathering in which New England, the middle states and a part of the west were well represented. To be sure the convention was not—as Mr. Larson very correctly remarks—a monumental association, but we fail to see why it should be so called, because one of the "side issues" in which it took an interest happens to be a monument.

The late convention had an excursion and wound up with a grand ball. It would be just as reasonable to call it an excursion association or a dancing association. Those deaf-mutes who met together, some of whom were pupils under Rev. Thos. H. Gallaudet, had as much right to propose to erect that monument as any other body of deaf-mutes in the country. As the memorial is intended to be a national one, it is fitting the national convention of deaf-mutes set the project afoot.

How are 35,000 deaf-mutes to agree upon a better committee for the purpose than was selected by the convention? It is safe to say that the memorial would be erected ten years before the wish of the majority of then 35,000 deaf-mutes could be ascertained. The national deaf-mute convention having had the memorial project up for consideration, referred it to the national executive committee. This committee is composed of gentlemen from sixteen states of the Union, which were represented at the convention. Having set the ball in motion it was necessary to take some definite measures to keep it going. Hence the executive committee took upon its own shoulders the burden of making it a success. A special treasurer was elected to take charge of the memorial funds. The man chosen for this office was Mr. W. H. Weeks, for nearly thirty years a teacher in "Old Hartford." This gentleman will have nothing to do with the funds of the convention. On the other hand, the treasurer of the convention will have nothing to do with the memorial fund except to forward all contributions he receives as a member of the committee to the treasurer of the memorial fund. With these explanations, it is hoped that the national convention is not so hopelessly mixed up with a monumental association.

Mr. Larson next opposes the selection of Washington City as the place to erect the memorial. His opinion is that Hartford ought to be the place, because that was where Mr. Gallaudet founded the first school for the deaf and dumb. This reason might have weight but for several circumstances. One of these is, there is already a memorial in his honor at Hartford. Another is, Hartford is way up in the northeast corner of the country, and it is a place least likely ever to have a national convention at which deaf-mutes from all parts of the country can see the memorial which they helped to build. Another thing in favor of Washington City is, that city is our national capital, and it is the most fitting place in which to collect our national memorials.

Another thing in favor of that city, and of the college in particular, as the exact location is that the college is also a national college, founded by the son of the man whom we wish to remember. This college will have representatives from every state and institution in the country. The city of Washington will always have visitors from all parts of the country, and they will have an opportunity to see the memorials. Kendall Green was not selected with any idea that the college needed any more memorials on its own account. It is the choice of a large number of mutes as the most suitable place to put the memorial to be raised by the deaf-mutes of the entire country and all persons interested in deaf-mute education. The danger that the founder of deaf-mute education in America will be mistaken for the founder of the Deaf-Mute College is so small as to be hardly worth noticing. This can be avoided by an inscription on the memorial.

The graduates of old Hartford can repair the old memorial there if they wish; so can the college boys buy a bust for themselves, but neither of these things have anything to do with the object of this national memorial

in which the deaf-mutes of the whole country are invited to take part. And this is—Mr. Larson will please take notice—by no means intended as a "local advancement" to the college.

We fail to see anything in the course of past events that justifies Mr. Larson in flinging the selfish remark that "the deaf-mute world is dunned too much for local eastern advancement." So far the entire community of deaf-mutes have been asked to raise but three national memorials. First came the Hartford monument to Gallaudet. Then that to Clero. The last was that of Garfield. Not one of those memorials was raised for strictly local considerations but for broad national benefits conferred by the individuals commemorated. In each case the memorials were erected in the most fitting place.

The deaf-mutes of New York are trying to raise a memorial in honor of H. P. Peet, but they very sensibly confine their efforts to raise the money among themselves. Mr. Peet's usefulness has been purely local—i. e., confined to the State of New York. Mr. Larson has not been asked to contribute one cent to that fund.

Again, the deaf-mutes of this State are trying to erect a memorial in honor of a good and noble deaf-mute, named Selah Wait, who labored thirty years in this State for the welfare of his fellow deaf-mute. No person outside of this State has been asked to subscribe one cent, except those who have been educated in this State institution.

Mr. Larson might try a little harder, and show more courtesy than to borrow trouble about monuments of persons not yet in their graves. He wishes to know why so few monuments have been proposed in honor of departed deaf-mutes. The reason is plain. Not one of them has so far distinguished himself by any broad philanthropic effort in behalf of any large portion of our class. Some have run the race of life nobly, but their influence has been confined to their particular sphere of action, and their efforts are consequently appreciated by but a few.—D. W. G., in *Deaf-Mute Advance*.

North Carolina.

THE GALLAUDET STATUE—MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

The objections of Mr. Larson to the recent National Convention, having had anything to do with the Gallaudet statue are not valid. He seems to lose sight of the fact that the late Gallaudet was a national benefactor, having founded the first school for deaf-mutes in the nation of the United States, instead of in the little section of New England. Beside there are deaf-mutes in every State and Territory of the Union, who have received the benefit of Gallaudet's labors. Hence the above mentioned statue was a proper matter for the Convention to take in hand. As to the site for the statue, by the fitness of things, it should be placed in a national place. The Hartford Asylum is not a national school. Deaf-mutes outside of Connecticut can not be educated there free (which fact has been a riddle to me, for the Asylum received substantial aid from the National Government in the shape of a land grant in Alabama). If the statue is not to be erected at the National College, it should be placed in the old Senate chamber in the United States Capitol, along with the statues that are now there, where it could be seen by foreigners, distinguished men and the people of the nation, oftener than elsewhere. As every intelligent man knows, the convention had a perfect right to discuss the statue, it is needless to say more about it.

MISCELLANEOUS.

There was a good attendance of pupils on the opening of the school, and as usual there was a number who lagged behind.

All the teachers were on hand, and looked fresh and strengthened for the long stretch of patient labor that was before them.

What an excellent and wise custom is that of schools having vacations every year. For without it our vigor and strength would be destroyed.

The place of the music teacher in the Blind Department that was vacant ever since the death of Prof. W. B. North, has been filled by the appointment of Mr. George Dixon, of Batavia, New York. Mr. Dixon is a man of such a cheery disposition that his accession to our corps of teachers is but very welcome.

At present all the pupils in the colored department belong to the male sex. Is there not a similitude between them and our ancient ancestor Adam? No Eves among them.

Superintendent Walker is an accommodating man. Some days ago, when the cold wave struck us, a show came to Spartanburg and all the employees were away to see it. Mr. W. acted as an engineer of the heating furnace for the space of three or four hours and gave satisfaction to all concerned.

The floors of the halls and stairways are covered, the former with matting and the latter with carpet, which improves the appearance of things and gives warmth to the house.

The infirmity of deaf-mutes has been so source of great gain to some scoundrels, who, taking advantage of the great desire of the afflicted or their friends to have it cured, easily impose on them. They make them believe in the possibility of impossible cures. A dollar is willingly paid for a vial of quack medicine for restoring hearing, and extravagant fees given in advance for absurd operations to cure deafness, &c. A case of this kind of

imposition recently occurred. A father was taking his two deaf-mute daughters to Columbus to meet Mr. Walker, who was there on appointment to bring the pupils to school. But unfortunately he fell in with a scoundrel on the way, who told him that he could cure the deafness of his daughters in thirty days. Finally the father was persuaded to leave his little girls at Augusta, Ga., for the scoundrel to operate on or rather to torture. Thus the little girls' time for school is lost.

Notting is now the "go" among the boys, and persimmons eating among the girls. D. S. ROGERS, Oct. 25, 1883.

DIRECTORY.

For the convenience of the public, we prepare to publish in this column, in ALPHABETICAL ORDER, a list of Societies, Clubs and Associations of Deaf-Mutes. Every organization is invited to send its name. Changes will be made as ordered by the Secretaries.

CATHOLIC LITERARY AND BENEVOLENT UNION, OF NEW YORK.

The Catholic Literary and Benevolent Union of Deaf-Mutes, meets every Wednesday evening at 8 P.M., in the College Building of St. Francis Xavier, 40 West 10th Street. First meeting of the month for business only. Debates every second Wednesday. Lectures every Wednesday. Strangers and deaf-mutes in general cordially invited. Corresponding Secretary's address, James P. Donohue, 371 Second Avenue.

CHICAGO MUTE CIRCLE.

The Chicago Mute Circle holds lecture meetings at Farwell Hall Building, 48 E. Madison Street, on the first and third Wednesdays of each month, except July and August, at seven o'clock, P.M., and holds Sabbath meetings at the same place on the second and fourth Sundays of each month, at three o'clock P.M. Lars M. Larson's P. O. address is Young Men's Christian Association office, Chicago, Illinois.

CHRONOLOGICAL DEBATING SOCIETY, OF PHILADELPHIA.

The Chronological Debating Society (formerly "Lyceum"), under the auspices of the Young Men's Christian Association, meets every Wednesday evening at eight o'clock P.M., in the Board of Managers' parlour (fourth floor) of the Y. M. C. A. building, 15th and Chestnut Streets. The object of this Lyceum is to familiarize its members with the parliamentary rules of order for practice in debate, oratory, etc., and to create, promote and cherish kindly feelings among its members. Every deaf-mute, of either sex, is cordially welcome (free of charge). Mr. William H. Lipsitt is President, and Mr. Robert N. Stevenson, Secretary. The Secretary's address is 2013 Canine Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

CINCINNATI ANDERSON SOCIETY.

The Cincinnati Anderson Deaf-Mute Society meets at the Young Men's Christian Association Rooms, Cor. 6th and Elm Street, first and third Saturday in each month, at 8 P.M. Jesse K. T. Hoagland, President, and Wm. Blount, Secretary. Secretary's P. O. address is 239 Pike Street, Covington, Ky.

CLERO LITERARY ASSOCIATION, OF PHILADELPHIA.

The Clero Literary Association, a branch of All Sons' Guild, meets every Thursday evening, at 8 P.M., in the Parish Building (2nd floor) of the Business College Building, corner 6th and Market Streets (opposite the Court House). Regular meetings on the second Saturday of each month, for business only. The reading room, well equipped with books and illustrated, open to the club's own expense, is open to members and their friends at all times. The purposes of the Club are principally of a social nature, but the literary and debating societies, for the mutual benefit of all, ladies will not be neglected. Lectures will be announced by the President from time to time, and all are welcome on such occasions. Strangers in town are cordially invited to order for any time of the day, and make themselves at home in the club rooms. Officers: President, W. E. Guss; Vice-President, William Stafford; Treasurer, George B. Kenison; Secretary, Hugh P. Lamb; Sergeant-at-Arms, T. J. Brown. Secretary's address, 112 Chestnut Street, St. Louis, Mo.

ST. LOUIS CLUB.

The St. Louis Deaf-Mute Club holds its meetings in room 8, third floor, Bryant & Stratton's Business College Building, corner 6th and Market Streets (opposite the Court House). Regular meetings on the second Saturday of each month, for business only. The reading room, well equipped with books and illustrated, open to the club's own expense, is open to members and their friends at all times. The purposes of the Club are principally of a social nature, but the literary and debating societies, for the mutual benefit of all, ladies will not be neglected. Lectures will be announced by the President from time to time, and all are welcome on such occasions. Strangers in town are cordially invited to order for any time of the day, and make themselves at home in the club rooms. Officers: President, W. E. Guss; Vice-President, William Stafford; Treasurer, George B. Kenison; Secretary, Hugh P. Lamb; Sergeant-at

COLUMBUS.

The Drosky Drivers of Finland.

WHAT OUR TEACHERS WILL DISCUSS.

This and That.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

The Ohio Institution may justly congratulate herself upon having in her superintendent, if not the best, one of the best sign-makers of the country. In his Sunday lecture, morning service, and indeed on all occasions, Mr. Pratt delivers signs in a graceful, clear, and vigorous style. Absence of years from the profession don't seem to have rusted his experience at all.

A meeting of the teachers has been called to take place on Monday, October 29th, at which the following questions come up for discussion:—

I. Shall we have a Roll of Honor? If so, what is the best method of keeping and making out the record?

II. Can the school be graded and each teacher know what the class is expected to do during this year?

III. Social gathering for the pupils. We extract the following from the pen of Trustee Sessions, who furnished an account of his travels in Finland in the *Morning Journal* of the 25th ult. Besides an amusing narrative, it gives us an insight into the side vexations of foreign traveling. While stopping at Abo, the former capital of that country, one day, he says: We got into a "drosky," a peculiar low kind of a vehicle, for a drive about the city and especially to visit the old cathedral. The city has a population of over 25,000 and is the most ancient in Finland, dating from the 12th century, when Christianity was first introduced into this wild and cold region. Our time is about expired and I leave the party and go to a large hotel called the "Phoenix" to ask the way to the steamer. I ask the porter: "Do you speak English?" He replied promptly: "Not a bit." I thought he could certainly understand what I wanted to know, but behold that is all the English he could speak. A Boston gentleman tried every way to make our drosky driver understand that he wanted to return at once to the steamer, but he kept driving on and on like Jehu, and finally the gentleman drew a picture of a steamer and tried to make him understand what he wanted. He looked at the picture, and patted the man on the back, as much as to say "that is a good picture," and drove on until he had shown the sights Abo. But fortunately the good captain did not go on without us. He said the driver was determined to get a good sum out of us for the ride. The next time the party took a ride, he says. We were determined not to get caught away from our steamer with a drosky driver, with whom we could not talk, and the captain wrote down the following in Finnish to show to the driver:

"We want to drive around the town.—*Koi omsoning a ysterdn.*"
"We want to see the church.—*Vi vill las kirjikkau.*"
"We want to return to the steamer.—*Koi till argblten.*"
"Drive home.—*Aja kotia.*"

Miss Jennie Pratt, sister of our Superintendent, resumed her journey to New Mexico, on Tuesday last. The evening before, a very pleasant party was given in her honor, in which the resident officers and teachers participated. Miss Pratt is a cultured woman, and accomplished lady.

Mr. Ward, the Secretary of the Minnesota State Board of Charities, was in the chapel of our school on Friday morning last. Superintendent Pratt introduced the distinguished gentleman by stating that he was visiting the various charitable institutions of Ohio to see how those in his own state compare with ours, and to gather all the information he can so as to make himself useful to Minnesota.

Prof. C. N. Haskins, who owns a horse and rides horseback to and from the Institution two or three times every day, met with an accident more laughable than serious, the other afternoon. The animal either stumbled or slipped, throwing the rider in full length upon the ground. We are glad to say that our friend was able to pick himself up not much hurt.

Miss Edith Hoagland, of North Fairfield, O., and of the class of '82, was at her *Alma Mater* last week, and visiting other friends who were glad to see her again.

Mrs. Flenniken, the mother of the boys' attendants, Lewis and Frank, took her departure for home in the early part of last week.

Mr. Willie Rose, of this city, who graduated from this school last June, may be seen often around here. He is a baker by occupation, and earns fair wages, considering his short experience.

Miss Katie Miller is in Chicago now on a visit to her relatives.

Miss Orrie Juddy, of class of '82, passed Friday and Saturday among friends at the Institution last week.

A runaway pupil of this Institution was captured and returned last week. It is said he exhibited the same qualities, when he went to school in Illinois, running as far as into Minnesota and Colorado.

A big wagon load of boxes was being drawn in the direction of the State House the other day. The boxes were

from the carpenter shop of this Institution.

B. Stemmerding, of Cincinnati, O., writes to a friend here that he has lost his grandmother. She suicided by hanging herself, on the night of September 15th last.

Master Ruth, of the Fourth Grammar Class, packed his book, said good bye and went away last Friday morning, having been recalled home by his father, who needed his help badly.

A good many of the officers and teachers of the Institution attended Dr. Gladden's church last Friday evening, where Mr. Sessions, one of our Trustees, gave a lecture on his foreign travels. They felt well paid for their attendance.

That irrepressible deaf-mute firebug, Charley Davis, of this city, blazed forth again in the evening city papers last week. He was "caught on Friday, setting fire to a stable in the south-eastern part of the city, by some women, who had some difficulty in putting the fire out. Officer Heyl was directed to investigate the matter on Saturday."

Mr. McClannahan, formerly of Hallsville, O., but now of Chillicothe, O., took the Institution by surprise on Sunday morning last. He says he is in the Magic Lantern business, and claims to be thriving amazingly. He was anxious to obtain permission to entertain the pupils with this show in the chapel some evening of this week.

Undoubtedly Prof. J. H. T. Stewart, of this Institution, has more knowledge of the circuit of Columbus than any other teacher here. His horse did it for him. He thinks the south-eastern portion of the town abounds in more elegant mansions and fine farms than in any other direction.

The variable weather of the past week has been afflicting us, though not seriously. Overcoats and umbrellas were the prominent features of the week.

Mrs. Hanson is in the city, the guest of her nephew, Mr. Terrell, teacher here. Her numerous friends are glad to see her again.

NUMBER FIFTY-NINE.

Jacksonville Jots.

Rain! Rain!! Rain!!!
No snow yet.

What is as scarce as hen's teeth? News.

Pearl is attending College at our Institution.

Emil Niclaus is the coming chess champion.

Our boys "cheesed" the College nine last Saturday. They came out of a ten inning contest with the score standing 14 to 13 in their favor. The following is the score:

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Athletics	5	0	1	1	0	3	1	0	0	3-14
College Nine	0	0	2	0	2	0	4	3	0	2-18

A part of the Jacobies have gone visiting relatives in the rural districts.

The city papers announce the marriage of Mr. James W. Tipton, formerly of this city, to Miss Hattie Bartoo, of Morgan Park, Ill. Both graduated from our Institution.

Mr. George W. Wait, one of our boys' supervisors, when he has nothing else to do, munches Nebraska corn sent from his sister's farm.

When is it most certain not to rain? When we have our umbrella handy.

One morning, Dr. Gillett, in the chapel, told the little boys to look at him and the big boys to look at the ceiling. He told the little boys that it was against the rules to play in the street. They might get run over and killed by some rapidly driven team. There was plenty of room to play on the playgrounds. They must not play on the street any more for fear they might set a very bad example to the big boys. The above is only one sample of Dr. Gillett's patent hints.

A pupil wishing to say that he was put out at first base said, "I was disappointed at first base."

Another pupil, after studying the zig zag burrowing of a mole said, "I saw a mole making a wrong hole in the ground."

Rev. Frank Read received a visit from his brother last Sunday. He wanted to get some idea of what we are up to in this institution.

To the seissors and to the *Chicago Daily News* belong the credit of the following:

"MUTTERINGS AGAINST MUTES."

"Two deaf and dumb men stood at the corner of Clark and Madison streets yesterday holding an animated conversation with each other with the aid of their fingers. The shoulders, elbows and faces of the two also joined in the interchange of ideas. These odd grimaces attracted considerable attention from the passers-by. A dozen or more people stopped to watch the orthography traced in the air by the flying fingers of the silent men."

"One of the spectators, a determined-looking man with sandy hair and a hooked nose, after looking at the free entertainment for several minutes, cried out to the two with enthusiasm: 'How did you learn to do that?'"

"The silent conversation continued, no attention being paid to the question. 'How did you learn to do that?' the man inquired, with as much interest as before. No answer came, and he angrily repeated the question."

"Why, man, don't you see they're deaf?" said one of the bystanders.

"Well, even if they are deaf, said the other, his face red with vexation, 'they might answer a civil question. They're drunk, and ought to be locked up as public nuisances.'"

D. W. G.

Oct. 24, '83.

AT THE POINT OF A PISTOL.

HOW A BOLD ROBBER CARRIED OFF A RICH DEAF AND DUMB BRIDE.

(New York World, Oct. 30.)

LEBANON, Oct. 29.—"Professor Jake" Bonsall, the young desperado and highwayman who became the commander of the notorious Welsh Mountain gang of land pirates after Ike Buzzard was locked in Lancaster jail a few months ago, has forced a minister, at the point of a pistol, to marry him to Miss Lydia McComas Kline, the young, rich, pretty, and deaf and dumb niece of Jacob V. Flettermann, of Norwegian township. The enforced marriage ceremony was performed in the house of an ignorant German farm hand named Andrew Bock.

Bonsall is the son of a Berks County farmer, and is not more than thirty year old. Three years ago he taught school in Norwegian township, and during the winter boarded with Mr. Flettermann, whose daughter Adie he wanted to marry. Flettermann made some inquiries about Bonsall, and learning that he had been arrested in Reading for garroting and robbing a drunken man, ordered him out of the house. Bonsall went to board at a neighboring farm and kept up a secret correspondence with Miss Flettermann, Miss Kline, who was sixteen years of age, carrying the letters. Miss Kline is an orphan and has for eleven years lived with her uncle, who holds in trust for her \$35,000, which is her share of her father's estate. She is a blonde and very pretty, and, although deaf and dumb, has had several offers of marriage. When Bonsall learned that she was an heiress he at once began making love to her, and although he is neither handsome nor intelligent she fell in love with him and, in order to keep her rival cousin out of the field, exposed her letters to Mr. Flettermann. He sent his daughter to Philadelphia, where she still lives.

Thursday morning Miss Kline left her uncle's house to pay a visit to a girl friend who lived half a mile off. That afternoon, as the Rev. Andrew J. Hoechler was driving from Schaeferstown to Cocalico, he overtook Bonsall, whom he did not know. At his invitation Bonsall got into the carriage. They had not gone 100 yards together before Bonsall grabbed the lines, pulled the horse to a standstill and excitedly asked:

"Are you a preacher?"

"The astounded minister replied, 'Yes.'"

"Then you are the man I'm looking for."

With that he deliberately turned the horse around towards Schaeferstown. Mr. Hoechler objected, on the ground that he had business to attend to and couldn't go back.

"You must go," said Bonsall. "This is business, and if make any fuss there will be trouble." Then he told the minister that two miles back there was a dying man who wanted to make a confession that would release an innocent man from the penitentiary. They drove two miles, got out and walked half a mile across the fields to the cabin of Bock. Bonsall went in without knocking, and when Mr. Hoechler entered "The Professor" closed and bolted the door. Bock, who was intoxicated, went into a back room and soon returned with Miss Kline, who was crying.

"Now," said Bonsall, taking the weeping girl by the hand and addressing the minister, "you might as well know that I lied to you. I want you to marry this woman and me. Go ahead. Don't waste any time."

The minister hesitated and spoke to the girl. She looked at Bonsall, who said: "She can neither talk nor hear."

"I refuse to marry you," said Mr. Hoechler.

"But you must," exclaimed Bonsall, drawing a revolver and cocking it. "You think she doesn't want to marry me, I suppose?"

Taking a note-book from his pocket Bonsall wrote: "This man does not think you want to marry me," and showed it to the girl.

She instantly took the pencil and underneath the query wrote: "Oh, yes, I love him and must marry him at once; now."

The minister then made them husband and wife, but it was not until the last word was spoken that the groom put up his revolver. The girl gave the minister \$5, and he drove away to tell his strange story.

Bonsall is now in the mountains, and it will be difficult to effect his capture.

Services for Deaf-Mutes, on Sunday, Nov. 4th.

In St. Ann's Church, New York, at 2:45 p. m., conducted by Rev. Job Turner.

In the Church of the Good Shepherd, Boston, at noon (the Holy Communion), and at 3 p. m., the latter conducted by Mr. William Bailey.

In the Church of the Ascension, Washington, D. C., at 3:30 p. m., conducted by Rev. Dr. Gallaudet.

On Wednesday evening, Nov. 7th, there will be a short service and address to deaf-mutes by Rev. Dr. Gallaudet in the Institution, on Saratoga Street, Baltimore.

W. M. Genet, Oct. 17, Thomas Gallaudet and family (donation), - 2 00

Harry Achey, through J. S. Wills, Baltimore, - 2 00

Moses Heyman (donation), - 2 00

John and M. L. Bennett, Orange, N. J., - 6 00

Cash, - 15

The Fund now amounts to \$406.00

CLEMENT B. THOMPSON, Sec'y and Treas. St. Ann's D. M. Bible Class Building Fund.

Mr. Geo. W. Schutt's Appointments.

Catskill, - - - - - Nov. 4th.

Cornwall, - - - - - " 11th.

Saugerties, (Rev. Dr. Gallaudet) " 18th.

Lansingburgh, - - - - - " 24th.

Whitport, - - - - - Dec. 2d.

Albany, - - - - - " 9th.

Stottville, - - - - - " 16th.

Albany, - - - - - " 23d.

Quarryville, - - - - - " 30th.

FROM ILLINOIS.

THE GALLAUDET MEMORIAL STATUE.

One of our adopted sons, Mr. Lars M. Larson, has raised a howl over the action of the late National Convention in appointing a Gallaudet Memorial Committee. It seems that in the appointment of this committee the importance of Lars was overlooked by the convention, and he is doing just like Deacon Pilkin's poor little pig, consoling himself on a hind teat. It is not our funeral, but we do love to sympathize with those who are in the minority. We have been there so long that our heart of hearts just flows whenever such calamities befall our enemy.

What most troubles the good soul of Lars is the location of the proposed statue. Our opinion on that point may not be very valuable, but we give it for what it is worth. Be the statue located where it may, comparatively few of the thirty thousand deaf-mutes in the Union would get a glimpse of it. But were it at Washington, each state could send representatives in the shape of students to the college each year to view the statue, and it is needless to add that these representatives are as a rule the most intelligent and appreciative class of mutes.

On the other hand, were the statue at Hartford how many from Illinois would see it? Perhaps, now and then, a wandering chromo peddler plying his vocation through New England. But, who is he to the deaf-mute world? Nobody. What we have said of Illinois holds true of every state west of New York.

In putting forth the feeble claim that Hartford is entitled to the statue, is not our adopted boy dunning us, for local eastern advancement? It is not Thomas H. Gallaudet, the founder of the Hartford School, but Thomas H. Gallaudet, the founder of deaf-mute education in America, that is intended to be honored. But it so happens that both are the same man.

A statue of Gallaudet would be out of place in front of any school for deaf-mutes in the land. Of course each school could not have a statue. Our purses could not stand that. But we can all club together and place one on our College lawn. The College is a government affair; the Hartford School is not. We are no more robbing Hartford than we are robbing France by placing busts of De l'Espee and Sicard in our College Chapel. But thousands of people will imagine that Thomas H. Gallaudet founded the College. Lars does not tell us how many imagine that De l'Espee and Sicard founded it.

The fact that the College now has a \$400 big portrait in oil of Thomas H. Gallaudet is no argument against placing a statue there. How much of that \$400 did we deaf-mutes pay?

Many of us still remember a discussion we had at college, in which students and professors alike participated, about changing the name of the College to Gallaudet College, not in honor of the president and founder, but in honor of his illustrious father.

Nothing came of the discussion, but let us hope that in the near future the College itself may be designated a monument to the memory of our good friend T. H. Gallaudet.

Why so many portraits, busts and monuments to oral friends, but none to deaf-mutes? Look around, brother Lars, and see what Illinois is doing. The Wait memorial fund amounts to \$275. Mr. Wait was a deaf-mute. Won't you please help us?

But to return to the Gallaudet statue. Come now, Lars, let us not quibble about the location of the proposed memorial. Trustworthy men have been put on the Committee and the National Convention has put its sign manual to the project. Let us extend the right hand of fellowship to the Committee, but first dive that hand deep into your trousers' pocket, and fill it with lawful silver of the realm. We deaf-mutes are but once—perhaps in exceptional cases twice—in a lifetime called upon to be charitable, and this project should not be allowed to go begging.

ALVA JEFFERSONS.

ILLINOIS, ILL., Oct. 24, 1883.

From Rev. Job Turner.

CONCORD, CAMPBELL CO., VIRGINIA.—Monday, October 22, 1883.

MY DEAR MR. HODGSON:—Yesterday I held a sign-service at the residence of Mr. Hartwell M. Chamberlayne, where were present Mr. and Mrs. Chamberlayne, Mr. and Mrs. William F. Johnston, and five speaking children of the former couple, and two colored men. After the sermon I baptized Mr. and Mrs. Chamberlayne's son, two months old, according to the rites of the Episcopal Church, and the child was named John Stewart Chamberlayne. They have six children, five sons, and one daughter, all bright. They find no difficulty in understanding their wants, because they can make signs well.

I leave for Louisville, Ky., this morning, to meet my appointment. Yours Sincerely,

JOB TURNER.

St. Ann's Deaf-Mute Bible Class Building Fund for the Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf-Mutes.

DUPLICATE NO. 6.

W. M. Genet, Oct. 17, Thomas Gallaudet and family (donation), - 2 00

Harry Achey, through J. S. Wills, Baltimore, - 2 00

Moses Heyman (donation), - 2 00

John and M. L. Bennett, Orange, N. J., - 6 00

Cash, - 15

The Fund now amounts to \$406.00

CLEMENT B. THOMPSON, Sec'y and Treas. St. Ann's D. M. Bible Class Building Fund.

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CLEMENT B. THOMPSON, Sec'y and Treas. St. Ann's D. M. Bible Class Building Fund.

COLLEGE CHRONICLE.

Thanksgiving Day Programme.

THE READING ROOM.

Variegated Paragraphs.

(From our Washington Correspondent.)

What we should do on Thanksgiving Day, has been a much mooted question among the students for some time past. It is to be understood, of course, that there are none who would have the goodly and time-honored custom of the "dinner" done away with, but the boys, not content with this alone, want to have something more on the programme. As the exodus homeward and elsewhere during the Christmas vacation will probably be so great this year as to interfere with the annual Christmas ball, it was decided to have a ball during the fall, that is, on Thanksgiving day. It is to be a masque, and so we will once more welcome to our halls the renewed personages of history, both authentic and mythical, from Agamemnon and Ulysses down to Buffalo Bill and Lord Fitznoodle. A Committee of Arrangements has been selected, and the affair is being energetically pushed forward. The students, as a whole, not only aid with good words, but what is still more, with the almighty dollar, and where any one expresses doubt as to the feasibility of the concern, the eloquence of the treasurer of the committee, who is a gentleman of known persuasive powers, soon dispels his dubiousness. The ball will be held in the college dining hall, while refreshments will be served in the Primary refectory. The outlook so far is rosy, and much fun may be looked for.

It is a noticeable fact that the Reading Room is unusually well equipped this year, and thanks to the efforts of the committee in charge, everything is working satisfactorily. The various sections of the country—North, South, East and West, are more equally represented than formerly, and the increase in the membership fee has enabled us to purchase papers which were not on file last year, among them the *Yale Courant*, *Detroit Free Press*, *Illustrated London News*, *New York Evening Post*, and *Popular Science Monthly*. The auction sale of papers at second-hand, is also a heavy source of revenue, the *Yale Courant* the other day bringing the extraordinary sum of seven cents per copy, nearly the full price, when new. At present we have five dailies, twenty-three weeklies, six semi-monthlies, five monthlies and one quarterly, on file.

The foot-ball team is making giant strides toward perfection in play. The new system of practice under which each man is constantly training in one position only, as forward or back as the case may be, is working finely, and the team is in splendid condition. The new Rugby ball has arrived. It is much more elongated than the old ball, and to the novice it has a most puzzling way of bobbing between legs, slipping out of one's hands, and going in any but the intended direction. The foot ball grounds too, were accurately measured off, and put in condition for play last Saturday. The position of the goals has been changed, and is a great improvement on that of last year. We have received no challenges so far, but matches will soon be in order, and exciting sport may be expected.

Prof. Porter's rooms were nicely papered last week. Carpenters are also busy at No. 26 putting up shelves and cases, and otherwise arranging it as a library for the Professor.

J. H. Dundon, '86, is in a fair way of becoming poet laureate to the College. A poem of his, "The Soldier of Fortune," appeared in last Sunday's Post.

Mr. F. A. Kiesel is taking lessons at the bicycle school in the city. He will purchase a "Star," and thus become one of the Kendall squad of wheelmen. At present there are six bicycles and one tricycle on the Green.

C. C. Griffin, '83, is a frequent visitor here during the afternoon, and manifests as much interest in athletics as of yore.

The decision of the Supreme Court in regard to the Civil-rights Bill has been the theme of much animated discussion among the students.

Foot ball is not without its dangers. P. J. Hasenstab, '85, has a nice "mouse" under his eye, and his nose is also out of shape. Result of collision during a game last Thursday. Bruised shins are also becoming quite common. Robert Dailey, a pupil of the High Class broke his collar bone in a foot ball game between the primary boys, and will have to abstain from all sports of the kind for some time to come.

It has been decided, the weather permitting, to hold the tennis tournament next Saturday. We hope that no mishap will cause the further postponement. The Vespers are developing finely, and two of them have made such progress that they have challenged Prof. Hotchkiss and Draper, of the Kendalls, to a friendly game to come off during the week.

The swimming pool was closed for repairs last week, and owing to

scarcity of water was not reopened until Friday.

Mr. Ballard was in Baltimore on Thursday to attend the wedding of his brother-in-law. His new Cottage is now ready for occupation, and he has already moved some of his effects there.

The theme of Prof. Porter's sermon yesterday was the necessity of the right choice of one's occupation, and the elements of character necessary to succeed in the same—perseverance and honest ambition.

The way the French dialogue in our last letter was made to appear when printed, created quite a ripple last Saturday, and it was "tableau" indeed when the Senior in question realized how the laugh was turned against him. He has bought himself a tomahawk and scalping knife, and vows he will teach that precious typo the difference between "looking at" and "looking like" a hog, and that he will have his scalp in the bargain.

The other party in the dialogue is of course jubilant, and swears he will send the typo a brand new eagle in recognition of his *feu d'esprit*. We ourselves had no little difficulty in shielding us from the wrath of the irate Senior, and in convincing him that it was not us, but "Other one."

We can stand an occasional error in the make up of our letters, but to make us responsible for remarks like that referred to, is piling Pelion on Ossa, and if that comp. desires to live to a green old age, he had better not take such liberties with our MSS. in future. *Verbum sap.*, etc.

HARRY FIELDING.

KENDALL GREEN, Oct. 29, '83.

A SAD END.

What sad picture is the broken health and death of a once robust and pretty girl! The victim was Mrs. Wm. T. Carter, nee Tisdale, of South Boston, Mass. They were married by Rev. Dr. Gallaudet some six years ago.

Three successive ways undermined her health.

The

FANWOOD.

A Day at the Fair.

Institution Floatings.

(From our New York Correspondent.)

Residents of Washington Heights were treated to a sight seldom witnessed Thursday morning last. At a little before nine o'clock, some three hundred children, neatly dressed and with bright and happy faces, marched steadily down the boulevard and on to 155th street. The girls experienced a local pride in vying with the boys in regard to keeping step and presenting the most attractive appearance, and candor compels us to admit that they made the best show. Arriving at 155th Street, an excursion train was boarded, the boys, as to be expected, piling in helter skelter in their efforts to secure the best seat. The elevated ride was greatly appreciated by all, instances being rare when the majority of the pupils are privileged to enjoy such a treat.

Upon entering the Fair building, Third Avenue and 63rd St., a general stampede ensued, and in an incredible short time, tumult ran rampant throughout the establishment. The girls, especially the Jam Club lilies, hovered about the cook stove department like a flock of buzzards (which proves that matrimonial hopes have not quite been given up in despair). The printers lost all interest in the affair when it was found there were but a couple of inferior job presses on exhibition. As a general rule, the pupils voted the attractions to be not up to the usual standard. However, there were numerous opportunities to acquire valuable practical information, and we were pleased to observe that the majority of those present availed themselves of the privilege. The Directors, who provided the ways and means for the days' enjoyment, are entitled to the thanks of all, and we have every reason to believe that they have been silently credited with them. Each of the teachers had charge of and were responsible for their respective classes, Superintendent Carson maintaining a general supervision. Each are entitled to mention for the admirable discipline preserved during the entire day.

An enterprising youngster pocketed a Leghorn chicken, which had recently been hatched by the incubator process, while in the building. The chicken made a night of it in the youth's pocket, but a lynx-eyed supervisor nabbed it on the following day, much to the wrath and chagrin of the boy, who had cherished airy visions of a poultry show in the barn yard some time in the misty future.

A car load of circulars were brought away in the spacious pockets of the girls and boys, notwithstanding Dr. Peet's caution, on the preceding day, against transforming the Institution into a paper mill.

A large basket of crackers were munchied by the small fry at noon, the larger pupils, as a general rule, purchasing refreshments in the building.

Miss Lizzie Noble, a graduate of a couple of years ago, took in the "show" with the pupils.

A stroll through Central Park was taken before entering the building, and was enjoyed by the majority.

FLOATINGS.

Miss Durbow spent a couple of days at the Institution last week with her friend Miss Prudence Lewis.

Misses Decker and Hawkins spent Saturday and Sunday in Westchester. Joseph H. Penrose called Wednesday last.

Mrs. J. L. Peet and daughter, Bessie, are visiting with General Lavenworth in Syracuse, N. Y. They will return in about two weeks.

Supervisor Howell has contributed to the contents of the printing office art gallery, in the form of a highly colored cartoon, in a neat frame, and is entitled "On the home stretch." It evokes a smile from visitors.

Mr. E. A. Hodgson lectured before the Fanwood Literary Association Saturday evening last. Subject—European travels.

Alfred Emmons was at the Institution on Thursday last week.

Stephen Sinclair, who is now in St. Luke's Hospital, was visited by a couple of Fanwoodites Thursday evening last. Instead of a wasted form reclining on a bed, the visitors were surprised to see Stephen fat and lively as a cricket. He expects to be able to put his shoulders to the wheel again in about three weeks. He said he engaged in a one mile walking match with another patient, around the hospital building not long ago, and lapped his competitor. He contemplates entering the athletic arena again when he becomes strong enough.

Among those who attended Mr. E. A. Hodgson's lecture before the Manhattan Literary Association Thursday evening last, were Miss Prudence Lewis, Messrs. Miller, Lloyd, Jr., Porter, Thomas and Lounsbury.

Misses Decker, Hawkins and Haigh, were at St. Ann's Sunday last.

A game of Hare and Hounds will come off next Saturday. Messrs. Dunn and Capelli are the hares.

Miss Buchard, who taught articulation here last year, is in the city.

John Lloyd, Jr., was elected captain of the foot ball club, second eleven, Monday evening last.

Alex L. Pach arrived in Albany from Williamstown, Saturday night, and had to lay over in Albany for the

12.30 a.m. train. While waiting, he went around to M. R. Palmer's residence, but found them all asleep. A man who has the cheek to go prowling around on midnight visits deserves to get left.

Alfred Emmons made a brief call Thursday evening last.

Chm.

Death of George Kent.

My Editor:—It is painful to announce the death of Mr. George Kent, who died at half past one o'clock, on Sunday morning last (Oct. 21st).

He suffered in the extreme and became unconscious, and died easy, while I was absent to Boston to preach last Sunday. I returned home with my wife on Tuesday forenoon last to attend the funeral of Mr. Kent, which took place at two o'clock. Mr. Thomas Brown, Mr. Willie White, Mr. Almos Smith, Miss Lottie Sweet and Mr. and Mrs. Worcester were present. Rev. Dr. Davis made a beautiful sermon, speaking of Mr. Kent highly.

Two physicians made a post mortem examination of the remains of the late George Kent, finding that while the immediate cause of his death, as was evident in his sickness, was from filling up of the lungs, the primary cause of his weakness was disease of the heart,—a marked case of fatty degeneration which had probably been going on gradually for ten years, until the organ was unable to perform its functions. The air cavities of one lung were found filled with pus, and the other partially filled. The liver was also affected by the non-performance of the work of a healthy heart. The physicians said that Mr. Kent must have died three years ago. How he suffered for a long time!

Mr. George Kent was born in Chester, N. H., April 12th, 1813. When he was a little boy, he fell from a tree hurting his spine. Life was supposed to be extinct, and he was laid in a coffin. As his mother looked on him, he opened his eyes and raised his hands, to her astonishment.

In the summer of 1825, he went to the American Asylum at Hartford, in conjunction with Thomas N. Head, who was born on April 12th 1813. His father carried them there. They looked as if they were twin brothers. Mr. Kent studied five years and behaved well.

In his early life he learned the printing business for a short time. His mother had moved to Amherst from Chester, to live with Hon. Charles H. Atherton, at whose house Mr. Kent enjoyed himself at various times. I often enjoyed his company.

In the summer of 1835 he was converted to Christ in conjunction with me, and became a member of the church. He chose to work on Elijah Putnam's farm. Two years after, he went to West Heniker at the same time I went to Hartford as a teacher. He worked for Thomas Brown four years. Then he went to Kentucky to live with his sister, Mrs. Smith, for a short time.

Mr. Kent married Lucretia Barnard, of Nantucket, Mass., and lived in West Borough, Mass., with his sister, Mrs. Means, one year. Then he came to Amherst to take Mrs. Means' house, which I had occupied four years. I had the pleasure of hiring a large part of his house where we lived in Concord one year.

Mr. Kent has resided in Amherst thirty-eight years. He had a very remarkable fondness of fishing, and got eminently skilful in the capture of the fluky kind, being much given to this sport for a great number of years, until his infirmities weakened him.

He was of fellow of good mind, and was of buoyant spirits by nature. He generally evinced a pleasant disposition, and communicated some entertaining thoughts in his way. His friendship was very eminent, and his spacious house has always been thrown open to the entertainment of his deaf-mute friends. His wife and one daughter survive him.

I was happy to observe the high estimation in which he was held, his benevolence to contribute to all good causes, his firm faith in Christ, his humility and patience. He used to declare himself unworthy and unrighteous, while he praised Christ's holiness. I have a reason for joy that he is free and happy in eternity. I miss the famous angling patriarch, Oh, Peace to his ashes!

JOHN O. DAVID.

AMHERST, Oct. 25, '83.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

George Kent, of Amherst, N. H., is no more. He died at half past one o'clock a. m., Oct. 21st, and was buried yesterday afternoon. He was a good and honest man. He always took good interest in the welfare of people like himself. I will not write more about him, as I presume that some friend of his will write much more about him to you soon.

Prof. Williams, of Hartford, Conn., told the deaf-mutes attending the Convention on the 6th inst. in Nashua, N. H., about Rev. Wm. W. Turner, of Hartford, and his sickness and recovery. Prof. Williams presented Rev. Mr. Turner's love and best wishes to the deaf-mutes. In reply, they expressed their regards for his sickness and their joy for his recovery. The above ought to have been written in my report of the proceedings of the Convention.

I assure you that Prof. Williams made himself very popular among the deaf-mutes, for he has done much to make the Convention a very pleasant and profitable one. Yours truly,

V. B. WRIGHT.

NASHUA, N. H., Oct. 24, '83.

A MUTE PRIEST.

Rev. A. W. Mann Ordained.

HIS REMARKABLE WIFE.

How Mutes Were Treated in Ancient Times.

(Cleveland Leader, Oct. 21.)

A very interesting event took place recently at the Protestant Episcopal Church of the Covenant in Philadelphia, Pa., in the ordination to the priesthood of Rev. Henry W. Syle and Rev. Austin W. Mann, the latter of whom is a resident of Cleveland, both of whom are deaf and dumb. The sermon of the morning, the prayers, the hymns, and every part of the services were made perfectly intelligible to the many deaf-mutes who were present by the translation of the Bishop's words, or rather ideas, into a sign language with which the deaf-mutes were familiar. The interpreter did not make what was called

"DEAF AND DUMB" LETTERS with the fingers of one or two hands, and in this way spell out the words as they were uttered, but gave an outward, visible expression of the thoughts through the medium of signs as clearly as did the speakers by words. Mr. Mann was accompanied by his wife, a very charming lady, who has never heard a word spoken in her life, but who is able to understand everything that is said to her, even if it is uttered in an ordinary tone of voice, by the movements of the speaker's lips. They also took with them their only child, a bright-eyed little boy about six years old, who, strange to say, has perfect control of his organs of speech and hearing. In addition to his being deaf and dumb, the reverend gentleman is very lame in both of his limbs, so as to render it quite a difficult matter for him to walk about. But in spite of all these afflictions he preserves a pleasant, even happy, exterior, which effect is heightened by a

HANDSOME AND INTELLECTUAL FACE.

In an interview with a *Leader* reporter yesterday, which was carried on by means of paper and pencil, Mr. Mann made the following interesting observations: "Before the advent of Christianity into the barbarous countries, law and custom sanctioned the putting to death of children in whom the defect of deafness or blindness should be discovered. The Roman law classed the deaf with the idiotic and insane, and deprived them of the rights of holding property in their own name. But, thanks to the blessedness of the influence of Christianity upon mankind, we are looking upon another picture now. Aristotle, with a stroke of his pen, excluded deaf persons from all participation in knowledge. Lucretius, the Roman poet-philanthropist, has left us these two lines:

"To instruct the deaf no art could ever reach,
No care improve them, and no wisdom teach."

Condillac, the French philosopher, writing only a little over a hundred years ago, denies to the deaf

THE FACULTY OF MEMORY and, as a necessary consequence, the power of reasoning. The first school for the deaf was founded in the year 1530, somewhere in Spain, followed a little over two centuries later by the Imperial Deaf-Mute School in Paris. The Abbe de l'Epée, the founder of this latter school, was the originator of the sign system of education used in most American schools. To-day, in our own country, more than fifty schools may be counted from the Atlantic to the Pacific, not including those in Canada, which number four or five. While at school the pupils religious instruction and worship in their language of signs. On St. Paul's day, January 25th, 1877, at Grace Church, Cleveland, O., I was admitted to deacon's orders by Bishop Bedell. I am serving, with more or less frequency, the dioceses of Pittsburgh, Southern Ohio, Indiana, Michigan, Western Michigan, Illinois, Quincy, Springfield, Iowa, Missouri, Minnesota, and Wisconsin. I am the only missionary occupying the above named dioceses, containing a deaf-mute population of more than 9,000. Is it significant that on both sides of the Atlantic the

EPISCOPAL CHURCH HAS BEEN ALONE from the first in systematic endeavors toward the deaf. A remarkable instance of a person who was deaf, dumb, blind and without the senses of tasting and smelling, is afforded in the case of Miss Laura Bridgman, who by her own remaining sense, that of touch, was made to read and write. Signs made by deaf-mutes may be divided into two classes—imitative and arbitrary. The grand principle which is the basis of imitative signs is resemblance. For instance, the sign for tree is made by resting the right elbow in the left hand, the forearm upright, to represent the trunk, and the fingers apart, the branches. The sign for book is made by putting the hands together and imitating its opening; for the act of reading, by two fingers of the right-hand following imaginary printed lines on the open left, the fingers representing the eyes. A circle described by the forefinger in the air gives the idea of endlessness of time. The right hand moved in a straight line across the left palm is the sign for right; and a curved line the sign for

wrong. Signs referring to the affections cluster about the heart. Love is expressed by pressing an imaginary object to it; hate, by the motion of pushing it away; and abhorrence, by the same gesture given with emphasis. Like is expressed by

THE MOTION OF THE HEART going out toward the object of its regard; dislike, by the same gesture and a negative motion of the head, and strong dislike, by the same gesture given emphatically. Thus you see the gestures of the deaf-mutes are both vivid and natural. The sign for God is made by pointing reverently upward; for Jesus Christ, by pointing to the marks of the crucifixion in the hands. The Holy Spirit is indicated by breathing on both hands to mean Spirit, and moving them together to mean Holy. Imitative signs, such as for rowing, striking, throwing, writing, etc., universal in their application to all languages, and travels find the sign language useful in the midst of a stranger tongue. Harriet Martineau, who was deaf, writes that she found in her travels that sign language was the universal speech. It worked as well in Egypt as in England. Sign language hasn't been subject to changes like speech, which we know has undergone many changes since the origin of humanity. Let us take the sign for waves. (Here the writer made an undulatory motion with his hand.) It is undoubtedly the same now as it was five thousand years ago. We cannot think of a more expressive sign so long as water retains its undulatory motion. A distinguished educator of the deaf, but not himself deaf, gives the following testimony as to the force and expressiveness.

OF SIGN-LANGUAGE. It is capable of indefinite expansion, and of expressing all ideas that can be expressed by articulate sounds. It has the great advantage of grouping together several ideas and representing them at once before the mind, as a painting, which in language must be expressed. In simple narratives, and in depicting the emotions, signs are far more expressive than words. "Before you go," wrote Mr. Mann, "I would like to hint very briefly at the possibility of sign language being older than speech. Was the first speech a miraculous endowment, or a human invention? If an invention, as some scholars argue, it may be reasonably assumed that signs were the means of communication of our first parents, but used less and less as speech developed. But there is no manner of doubt as to the use of gesture language in the early communities, before their early vocabularies of spoken words were sufficiently full."

Mr. Mann will hold divine service for deaf-mutes in the sign language at Grace Church chapel this morning, and in the evening in the church proper.

BORES.

Let us above all things avoid speaking often of ourselves, and holding ourselves up as patterns for others; nothing is more disagreeable than a man who is always holding himself up as an example for others to follow. It is generally admitted that a bore is a man who has a hobby, which he is always talking about, in season and out of season—especially the latter, but I saw somewhere another definition of a bore; said definition is: "A person who talks about himself when you want to talk about yourself." The latter class of bores are a great deal worse than the former, for while the class which we may call "hobby bores" can easily find people of similar tastes to converse with, a man who is always talking about himself and what he has done ends by wearying every one. Besides, it is very bad manners to be always talking about ourselves. We should let others talk a little as well as ourselves. De la Roehafacault, a celebrated French author, who spent most of his leisure hours in collecting maxims about the way in which well-bred persons should behave, says "It is dangerous to wish to be always the master of the conversation, or to push too far a good reason when we have found one." If a person always wants to monopolize the whole conversation, he will end by being avoided by every one. I once saw an amusing picture in one of the comic papers. A bore was having his boots blacked when he saw a friend approaching in a leisurely manner. He halted him and told him he had something to tell him. As soon as the friend saw the bore, he started-off in a violent hurry calling back: "Cannot wait, am taking a walk."

Another bore once seized a man by the button of his coat and commenced talking about himself. The man got tired after a while, and seeing that the bore had shut his eyes and was so deeply interested in what he was saying that he was totally unconscious of everything except his own voice, coolly drew his knife and cut—not the bore's throat, though he was strongly tempted to do so—but the button off of his coat, and walked away. He said that he returned to the spot some hours afterwards and found Mr. Bore standing with the button between his fingers still talking; he was unconscious that his friend had left. I cannot vouch for the above story, but I know deaf men who when talking deliberately shut their eyes and pay no attention to the replies of those with whom they are conversing. One of my old schoolmates was one of them, and I often felt a strong desire to bring my fist in contact with his eyes so as to open them. The only reason why I didn't do so was that he was a very strong fellow, and I was

afraid he might possibly be angry at the liberty.

There are a great many intelligent people in this world whose society would be eagerly sought if they would only be content to talk less about themselves and their hobbies. No one likes to have subjects which he does not take an interest in forced upon him, and so those who bore others have only themselves to blame if their society is avoided. One of the definitions of the verb "to bore" is "to pierce, to penetrate," and those bores do pierce one's head almost as much as they would do if they used a gimlet. It is impolite to go to sleep while another is talking, but sometimes it would be an immense relief if we could sleep while the bore was talking and wake up when he has left off.

CYRIL CADWALLADER.

How Uncle Jeff Cared a Dude.

"How could I cure a dude, young fellow? Well, I'll tell yer, so as yer can sell the receipt. A chap with such a receipt ought ter make a pile outen it.

"Yes see, my boy Dan took a notion three or four years ago, es farming wasn't good enough fer him, so I give him a note on a Baptist' preacher fer \$400 and let him go. He went to 'Frisco and struck the preacher and got the cash. Then he got some education and went ter counter-jumpin' and cum up ter Oregon.

"He was purty steady and sensible, though I heerd he was fine on dress, but I had no idee he had got ter be a dude.

"Well, he got bounced fer being good-lookin', he says, but I spect it was bein' too sassy and lazy, and he cum up ter see the folks.

"When I got ter the depot there was Dan', but I hardly knowed him. His pants was a kind of speckled sky blue, and was as tight on him as the skin on a fat hog; and his coat was about three sizes too small fer him, and as tight as the pants, with the color of a yeller dog. He had a fancy brass watch staked out with two chains on his vest; he had a stiff hat, a little cane and a pair of gloves. He limped up to me in a pair of pinched-up shoes, held out two fingers to shake, and said: 'Aw, Paw, aw'm dem glad to see yer, yer know?' I got him in the wagon as quick as I could, fer fear the folks would think we was movin' lunatics to the new asylum. He said suthin' about the team bein' very ancient and the wagon the color of the road and the harmony of nature. Wall, that feller slid round the house fer more than a week, and went down town ter show off his clothes, but he wouldn't do no work. I thought he would come ter his senses after a bit, but he kep' on just the same. He went down ter the wood lot with me and the boys ter see 'Nature in her wild beauty,' er somethin' of that sort; one mornin' while we got er load of wood.

"I got him to give me a lift with a log to chuck it in the wagon, but when he ought to have chucked he let his end drop, and that made my end set quick into my own foot. While I was cussin' about my foot he drewled out suthin' about its being too heavy, and grinned sideways to the boy. I couldn't stand that, and I went fer him. I don't remember exactly how it went clare through, but in about five minutes that ground was covered with rags, and silk handkerchiefs and panted shoes like a tornado had been to work. His two-clained watch was hanging in a lot of oak sprouts, the pup had run off with his kid gloves, white strips off his pants hung ter his waistband like ribbons on a trick mule. The cane was broke to pieces over his back an' three or four switches besides Oh, he felt better than he had for four years, and we loaned him a buffalo hide to get home in an' cum up with the wood. He laid abed fer two days, an' then got inside of a pair of overhauls and a flannel shirt, put a pair of brogans outside his feet, grabbed an old hat and went to work, an' has worked as steady as a clock ever since."

Guarding the Gold.

Every morning, except Sunday, an Adams express wagon, loaded with gold and silver, starts out from the Adams Express Company's office to deliver the precious coins to its different owners. The gold and silver, which is made up of all denominations, comes principally from New York, Washington and San Francisco, and is consigned to the different banks and brokers' offices about town. Some bags contain twenty-dollar gold pieces, while other bags are simply filled with copper pennies.

The express company uses the utmost precaution to guard the precious treasure. Four men are in charge of the wagon; one man drives, and two sit on the seat with him. They are armed to the teeth, and always on the alert for highwaymen. The fourth man sits on the tail board in an apparently careless manner. He is also armed, and sees everything about him. Besides this guard, two detectives follow closely behind the wagon, and watch everybody who attempt to "dog" it. When the wagon stops to deliver a portion of gold, the detectives are not twenty feet away.

One man carries the bag into the bank, and the detectives guard him, while the driver and two other men remain quietly at their posts on the wagon to keep off thieves. Expert thieves, the boldest in the country, are continually following this wagon, trying to devise some plan to rob it of the fortune it carries, but the precaution of the express company has proved too

much for the daring of the boldest highwayman.

If the Adams express company send a man upstairs in their own building with a package of money or a bag of gold, a detective is at his heels to prevent a robbery. Oftentimes the man with the money does not dream that the man going in the same direction with him is one of the company's detectives.—Philadelphia News.

Praying For Papa.

A few nights ago a well known citizen of this town, says the *Detroit Post and Tribune*, who has been walking for some time in the downward path, came out of his home and started down town for a night of carousal with some old companions whom he had promised to meet. His young wife had besought him with imploring eyes to spend the evening with her, and reminded him of the times when evenings passed in her company were all too short. His little daughter had clung about his knees and coaxed in her pretty, willful way for papa to tell her some bed-time stories; but habit was stronger than love for wife and child, and he eluded their tender questioning by the special sophistries the father of evil advances at such times from his credit fund, and went his way. But when he was blocks away from his home he found that in changing his coat he had forgotten to remove the wallet, and he could not go out on a drinking bout without money, even though he knew that his family needed it, that his wife was economizing each day more and more in order to make up his deficits, and he hurried back and crept softly past the windows of the little home in order that he might steal in and obtain it without running the gauntlet of either questions or caresses. But something stayed his feet. There was a fire in the grate within—for the night was chill—and it lit up the little parlor and brought out in startling effects the pictures on the wall. But these were as nothing to the picture on the hearth. There, in the soft glow of the firelight, knelt his little child at her mother's feet, its small hands clasped in prayer, its fair head bowed; and as its rosy lips uttered each word with childish distinctness the father listened, spell-bound to the spot:

"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep;
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take."

Sweet petition! The man himself, who stood there with bearded lips shut tightly together, had said that prayer once at his mother's knee. Where was that mother now? The sunset gates had long ago unbarred to let her pass through. But the had not finished; he heard her "God bless mamma, papa and my own self,"—then there was a pause, and she lifted troubled blue eyes to her mother's face. "God bless papa," prompted the mother softly.

"God bless papa," lisped the little one.

"And—please send him home sober." He could not hear the mother as she said this, but the child followed in a clear, inspired tone:

"God—bless papa—and please—send him—home—sober. Amen"

Mother and child sprang to their feet in alarm when the door opened so suddenly, but they were not afraid when they saw who it was, returned so soon. But that night, when little Mamie was being tucked up in bed after a great romp with her papa, she said, in the sleepest and most contented of voices:

"Mamma,—God answers most as quick as the telephone, doesn't He?"

A City with Three Sundays.

In the city of Jerusalem three Sundays are observed in every week. The Mohammedans observe Friday, not by closing their shops and resting, but by closing the mosque at certain hours and reciting prayers. The Jews observe Saturday, being very strict as to their conformity to ancient custom and ordinance. They close their shops and are not often seen on the streets until after noon. Then they appear in their best clothes. Sunday is observed by the Christian of various denominations. On that day the flags fly from the consulates of the Christian nations.

Pearls of Thought

Nothing is so good as it seems to be beforehand. All those who know their mind do not know their heart.

The more nature is sad, the more the heartstone is dear. He will easily be content and at peace, whose conscience is pure.

There is a fellowship among the virtues by which one great, generous passion, stimulates another.

There are houses where the people are bright without mistrusting it, there are others where people are stupid in spite of themselves.

In great cities we look the world in the face. We shake hands with stern realities. We see ourselves in others. We become acquainted with the motley, many-sided life of man.

Life, in its very essence, is movement and transition. Not what we have, but what we gain or lose; not what we are, but what we are becoming; not where we stand, but whence we come and whither we go, constitute its real interest and worth.

Post yourself as to what is going on around you. Look out for such men as you think you would like to be, and see what it is that makes them what they are. Notice the difference between their way and the ways of the ones you do not like. There is always a reason for a person's being what he is.

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